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BY

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## CONTENTS.

### I.

	PAGE
JESUS! THE LADDER OF MY FAITH . . . . .	7
VIA DOLOROSA . . . . .	9
MY KNOWLEDGE . . . . .	11
A HYMN OF CONFESSION . . . . .	13
THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE . . . . .	15
THE OFFERING . . . . .	17
HYMNS FOR GOOD FRIDAY:—	
I.—FORSAKEN . . . . .	24
II.—FATHER, FORGIVE THEM . . . . .	26
HYMN FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION . . . . .	28
THE REBUKE . . . . .	30
JESUS, TAKE MY SINS AWAY . . . . .	32
RETURN . . . . .	34
PRAYING IN SPIRIT . . . . .	36
TRUST . . . . .	38
THE TWO CITIES . . . . .	40
DOUBT . . . . .	43
HUMBLE SERVICE . . . . .	46

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
MY FIELD . . . . .	48
A HARVEST HYMN . . . . .	50
THE BELL IN THE TOWER . . . . .	53
THE WORLDLING . . . . .	56
THE RIVER . . . . .	60
ALL'S WELL . . . . .	62

II.

THE GUEST . . . . .	67
THE BELOVED TEACHER . . . . .	69
CHARLIE . . . . .	72
ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD . . . . .	78
"RED, WHITE, AND BLUE" . . . . .	80
AFTER THE STORM . . . . .	82





I.

H Y M N S.



[5]





## JESUS! THE LADDER OF MY FAITH.



ESUS! the ladder of my faith  
Rests on the jasper walls of Heaven ;  
And through the veiling clouds I catch  
Faint visions of the mystic Seven !

The glory of the rainbowed Throne  
Illumes those clouds like lambent flame ;  
As once, on Earth, Thy love divine  
Burned thro' the robes of human shame.

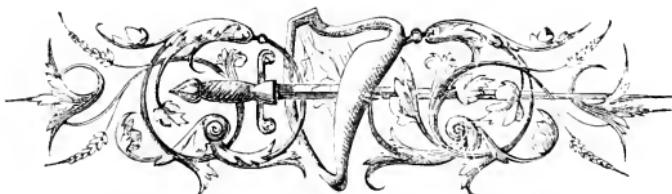
HYMNS.

Thou art the same, O gracious Lord !  
The same dear Christ that Thou wert then ;  
And all the praises angels sing  
Delight Thee less than prayers of men !

We have no tears Thou wilt not dry ;  
We have no wounds Thou wilt not heal ;  
No sorrows pierce our human hearts  
That Thou, dear Saviour ! dost not feel.

Thy pity, like the dew, distils ;  
And Thy compassion, like the light,  
Our every morning overfills,  
And crowns with stars our every night.

Let not the world's rude conflict drown  
The charmèd music of Thy Voice,  
That calls all weary ones to rest,  
And bids all mourning souls rejoice !



## VIA DOLOROSA.



"In the world ye shall have tribulation." — ST. JOHN xvi. 33.

**M**Y Saviour said : "Take up thy cross  
And follow me where I may lead ;  
Count every earthly treasure dross,  
And, losing, find thy life indeed."

I raised my burden ; it was light :  
Alas ! how heavy it has grown !  
O toilsome way ! O cruel height !  
Lord, can I bear my cross alone ?

My foes, unnumbered and unseen,  
Press madly round me day and night ;

HYMNS.

I have no friend on whom to lean ;  
I sink in sorrow and affright !

O blessed Voice ! . . . I hear Him say :  
“ Lo, I am with thee till the end ;  
Thy strength shall fail not through thy day.  
And I am thy Eternal Friend.”

The burdens of the world He bore,  
And shall I shrink from bearing mine ?  
Alone He walked in anguish sore,  
But me upholds with love divine.

His grace can smooth the roughest road ;  
The way He hallowed I will take :  
How heavy, yet how light the load  
That I must bear for His dear sake !

Through tribulation though He lead,  
He maketh self-denial sweet ;  
My life I lose each day indeed  
To find it at my Saviour’s feet !



## MY KNOWLEDGE.



 HOWGII men confront the living God  
With wisdom than His Word more wise,  
And leaving paths apostles trod  
Their own devise ;  
I would myself forsake and flee,  
O Christ, the living Way, to Thee !

I know not what the schools may teach,  
Nor yet how far from truth depart ;  
One lesson is within my reach —  
The Truth Thou art :

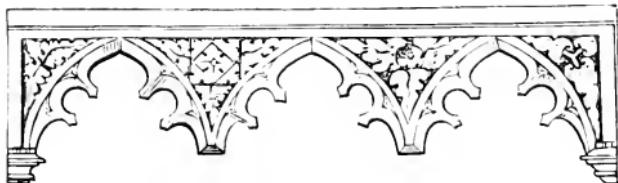
HYMNS.

And learning this, I learn each day  
To cast all other lore away.

I cannot solve mysterious things,  
That fill the schoolmen's thoughts with strife ;  
But oh ! what peace this knowledge brings,  
Thou art the Life ;  
Hid in Thy everlasting deeps,  
The silent God His secret keeps.

The Way, the Truth, the Life Thou art !  
This, this I know ; to this I cleave ;  
The sweet new language of my heart —  
“Lord, I believe :”  
I have no doubt to bring to Thee ;  
My doubt has fled, my faith is free !





## A HYMN OF CONFESSION.



**D**EAR Lord ! to Thee alone I dare  
    The record of my sins repeat ;  
Thou knowest all before my prayer  
    Is breathed in sorrow at Thy feet.

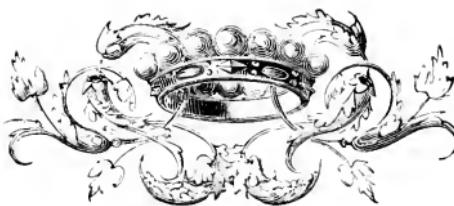
My newest griefs to Thee are old ;  
    My last transgression of Thy law,  
Though wrapped in thought's most secret fold,  
    Thine eyes with pitying sadness saw.

HYMNS.

Not Thine Omniscience, but Thy grace  
Leads me to seek Thee day and night,  
When I should shrink from human face,  
Were this frail heart in human sight.

Hope that Thy love will hide my shame  
With pardon tender, full, and sweet,  
Bestowed when asked in Jesus' name,—  
This bows me, Father! at Thy feet.





## THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

---



HERE is a wondrous pearl whose price  
No angel's tongue could name ;  
It was not from the Persian Gulf  
This lustrous treasure came :

Not from the Coromandel coast,  
Nor yet from any sea  
That laves the shores of any lands,  
Or pearl-famed isles that be.

HYMNS.

This gem from depths of Love Divine  
The Heavenly Bridegroom brought,  
A marriage-token to the Bride  
His Cross and Passion bought.

Earth's rarest pearls are dross beside  
This "jewel of the just,"  
Whose beauty Time can never dim  
Nor crumble into dust.

When Heaven shall make the marriage-feast,  
In dazzling raiment drest,  
The Bride will meet the Lord of Life —  
His love-gift on her breast.

Its peerless light shall evermore  
Her songs of praise inspire,  
While "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,"  
Peals from the Heavenly choir!



## THE OFFERING.



“What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?” — Ps. cxvi. 12.

“In every place incense shall be offered unto My Name, and a pure offering.” — MAL. i. 11.

“The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.” — Ps. li. 17.

**S**AVIOUR, is there any thing  
I have failed to bring?  
Lies my offering at Thy feet  
Incomplete?

Lord, bethink Thee, I am poor;  
Slender is my store;

HYMNS.

Yea, my best is nothing worth  
Even on earth ;

Even to men : O then how small  
To the Lord of all,  
Who, creating worlds anew,  
As the dew

Sweeps them lightly from their place  
In the fields of space ;  
Counts the Universe as nought  
But a thought !

Yet since Thou hast deigned to ask,  
O how sweet the task  
(Though the gift be poor), to bring  
Every thing !

Every thing ? Alas, this fear !  
I may yet appear  
Holding some dear bauble fast  
At the last.

Saviour, is there any thing  
I have failed to bring?  
Lies my offering incomplete  
At Thy feet?

Answered He: “If thou hast brought,  
Clothing every thought,  
Love to God and love to man  
As men can;

“Charity for all who stray  
From the narrow way;  
Eager hands to draw them back,  
And point the track;

“Gifts according to thy store  
For the needy poor;  
In my suffering ones dost see  
Even me;

“If thy tears are swift to flow  
For thy brother’s woe;

HYMNS.

Having strength, if thou dost seek  
To raise the weak ;

“ If thou dost My mercy show  
Even to thy foe ;  
Grant the pardon proffered thee,  
Full and free ;

“ Yea, if thou thy will hast brought  
Crossing Mine in nought ;  
Faith that shall outlast thy breath,  
Strong in death ;

“ Matters not thy world’s estate,  
Be it small or great ;  
*This* thy offering thou dost bring  
*Every thing !*”

Nay, my Lord, my Lord ! I cried ;  
I am sorely tried ;  
Nothing, nothing have I brought  
That I ought !

HYMNS.

Cold my love to Thee, Most High ;  
Cold my charity !  
Idle hands and heart of stone  
Are my own.

Mine an unsubdued will ;  
Faith that gropeth still ;  
Yet, O God my Righteousness,  
Bless, O bless !

This at least to Thee I bring —  
Meek petitioning ;  
Humble penitence and pain ; —  
Is it vain ? —

Strong desire to serve Thee more  
Than I have before ;  
And in Thy suffering ones to see  
Even Thee !

Now indeed my tears do flow  
For all others' woe,

HYMNS.

Tasting grief that doth surpass  
All, alas !

Hear me, Lord of earth and sky !  
At Thy feet I lie ;  
My confessions all I bring —  
Every thing !

Pitying Lord, wilt Thou despise  
This my sacrifice ?  
Tell me, Saviour, do I bring  
*Any thing?*

Answered He : “ At last, at last  
Is thy pride o’erpast !  
Little is thy best, indeed ;  
Great thy need.

“ Yet, beloved of my Heart,  
I for thee did smart ;  
On the Cross in thy dear stead  
Bowed My Head :

“ Through death’s sharpest, sorest throes  
I triumphant rose,  
Even that thou mightest be  
Raised with Me.

“ Is My love for thee grown less  
That I should not bless ;  
Or the lowliest sacrifice  
Should despise ?

“ Nay ; but I am satisfied,  
Having all beside  
Since that erring heart of thine,  
On My shrine,

“ Broken, contrite, suppliant lies —  
Sweetest sacrifice !  
In that offering thou dost bring  
**EVERY THING !”**



## HYMNS FOR GOOD FRIDAY.



### I.

#### FORSAKEN.

“He was wounded for our transgressions, . . . and with his stripes we are healed.”—Is. xlivi. 5.



N anguish mortal could not bear  
Lo, on the cross Immanuel dies !  
Crowned with the thorns of sacrifice  
He drains the cup of Earth’s despair.

Within Gethsemane’s sacred shade  
The angel stood a little space  
While, with the blood-sweat on His face,  
The Man of Sorrows prostrate prayed.

HYMNS.

No more — the angel comes no more !  
In silence bowed before the Throne  
His hosts attend His dying moan  
Withdrawn from Him whom they adore.

“ Forsaken, O my God ! ” He cries ;  
That cry the temple’s vail hath rent ;  
The heavens in awful stillness bent  
Are darkened with the death He dies !

The horror-stricken universe,  
Like a vast sea in wild unrest  
Transfixed with wide upheaving breast,  
Feels the slow-lifting of the curse.

Hark ! while His dumb wounds intercede  
For man who led his Lord to die,  
There comes an answering, human cry :  
“ This was the Son of God, indeed ! ”

The Christ ! the Christ ! Rejecting Earth,  
In vain for thee a second flood ;  
Yet in the washing of His blood  
Thy children find a second birth !

HYMNS.

Flee, frail and trembling heart of mine,  
To Him thy Refuge and thy Strength !  
The solemn shadows lift at length  
And even Sinai's summits shine :

Shine in the glorious beams that break  
Around the Cross of Him who saith :  
“ I have redeemed thy soul from death ;  
Forsaken, I will ne'er forsake ! ”

---

II.

“ FATHER, FORGIVE THEM.”

 SAD, reproachful Face,  
How can I look and live !  
O pierced Hands outstretched to save !  
O Voice that pleads “ Forgive ! ”

“ Forgive ! ” though crowned with thorns,  
And mocked with many a jeer ;

“ Forgive ! ” though tortured by the nails,  
And wounded by the spear.

O crimson tide of love  
Out-gushing from His side,  
Flow down, and wash the guilty earth  
Where He is still denied !

In penitence my soul  
Takes up that cry, “ Forgive ! ”  
Flow down, and wash away my sins  
That I may look and live !





## HYMN FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

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**A**T this Thy banquet, Lord of all,  
May less than angel dare to sup?  
The crumbs that from Thy Table fall  
Unworthy we to gather up.

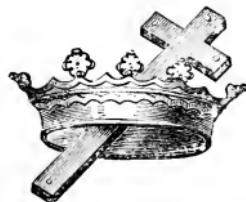
Yet oh! too poor to turn away,  
Too glad to own Thy gracious claim,  
We stay because Thou bid'st us stay,  
Despite our garb of want and shame.

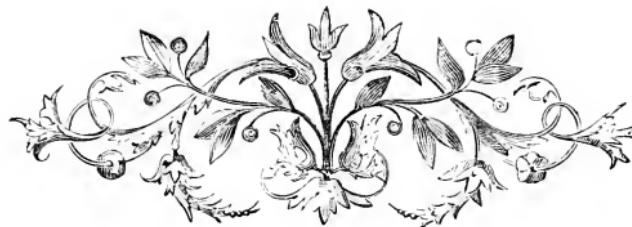
HYMNS.

Before Thine Altar kneeling low  
We bare our sinful hands to Thine ;  
O Holy Lord, Thy pity show,  
And cleanse us with Thy touch divine !

Fill Thou these empty palms with food —  
The Bread Thou broughtest from above ;  
This cup with Thy most precious Blood —  
The wine of Thy atoning Love !

The hunger and the thirst we plead  
No meaner feast could satisfy ;  
O Saviour, in our utter need  
Thou, Thou must feed us, or we die !





## THE REBUKE.

---



HEARD, and disobeyed !

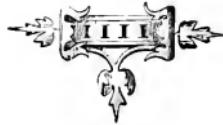
Thy judgment-hand, O God,  
Uplifted, smote me to the earth  
In the dark way I trod.

Low-lying in the dust,  
Broken by Thy reproof,  
I said, " His mercy I have lost ;  
Wrath holdeth Love aloof."

Humbly I wept and prayed —  
    No more by sin enticed ;  
Then, lifting up my streaming eyes,  
    Beheld the wounded Christ.

Lo ! in His bleeding hands  
    Love's richest pledge I see ;  
And mercy's sweetest message falls  
    From His dear lips for me.

O just and holy God !  
    Thy wrath I read amiss :  
The love that follows Thy rebuke —  
    Was ever love like this ?





## JESUS, TAKE MY SINS AWAY.



**H**OLY One! whose heavenly splendor  
Faith doth shadow forth in visions,  
Through the homage angels render,  
Hearken to my poor petitions!  
Night and day,  
Hear me crying, hear me crying,  
“Jesus, take my sins away!”

All the story Love hath written  
In Thy blood for Earth to ponder,  
I have read, and read, till smitten  
With belief too rapt for wonder.

Night and day  
Hear me crying, hear me crying,  
“Jesus take my sins away !”

Bruised and bleeding 'neath the burden  
Of my manifold transgressions ;  
Clinging to Thy Cross for pardon  
While I stammer my confessions ;  
Night and day,  
Hear me crying, hear me crying,  
“Jesus, take my sins away !”





## R E T U R N.



**R**ETURN, O wanderer from the fold,—  
The Heavenly Shepherd's loving keep!  
With grief, no language ever told.

He mourns thee, numbering o'er His sheep,  
And all the blessed angels weep.

All day He waits with yearning face ;  
His weary eyes no slumber take ;  
But when the night steals on apace,  
His feet the sheltered flock forsake,—  
Through thorns their bleeding way they make.

HYMNS.

Those feet the highest Heights have trod ;  
That head the Crown of crowns possessed ;  
He left the blazing Throne of God,  
And humbly as a shepherd dressed  
For thee resigned his ancient rest.

In all the dark no ray is seen ;  
His anguished face alone appears ;  
No answer breaks the hush between  
Those calls that reach angelic ears,  
And move the pitying heaven to tears.

O Holy Shepherd ! not in vain  
Thy care, Thy sorrowing search shall be !  
The wandering soul that wrought Thy pain,  
Must hear, must heed, must haste to Thee,  
No more Thy fold of love to flee !



## PRAYING IN SPIRIT.



"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret."—  
ST. MATT. vi. 6.



NEED not leave the jostling world,  
Or wait till daily tasks are o'er,  
To fold my palms in secret prayer  
Within the close-shut closet door.

There is a viewless, cloistered room,  
As high as heaven, as fair as day,  
Where, though my feet may join the throng,  
My soul can enter in and pray.

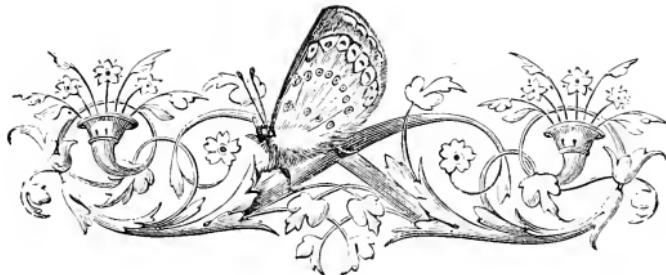
HYMNS.

When I have banished wayward thoughts,  
    Of sinful works the fruitful seed,  
When folly wins my ear no more,  
    The closet door is shut, indeed.

No human step approaching, breaks  
    The blissful silence of the place ;  
No shadow steals across the light  
    That falls from my Redeemer's face !

And never through those crystal walls  
    The clash of life can pierce its way,  
Nor ever can a human ear  
    Drink in the spirit-words I say.

One hearkening, even, cannot know  
    When I have crossed the threshold o'er,  
For He, alone, who hears my prayer,  
    Has heard the shutting of the door !



## T R U S T.

---

**F**O Him who hears, I whisper all ;  
And softlier than the dews of heaven  
The tears of Christ's compassion fall :  
I know I am forgiven !

Wrapt in the peace that follows prayer  
I fold my hands in perfect trust,  
Forgetful of the cross I bear  
Through noonday heat and dust.

HYMNS.

No more Life's mysteries vex my thought ;  
No cruel doubts disturb my breast ;  
My heavy-laden spirit sought  
And found the promised rest.





## THE TWO CITIES.

---

N the dusky shores of evening, stretched in  
shining peace it lies,  
City built of clouds and sunshine — wonder  
of the western skies!

While I watch, and long for pinions thitherward to take  
my flight,  
Slowly the aërial city fades and vanishes from sight.

Ruby dome, and silver temple, circling wall of amethyst,  
Fall in silence, leaving only purple ruin hung with mist.

HYMNS.

Darkness gathers eastward, westward ; stronger waxeth  
my desire,

Reaching through celestial spaces, glittering as with rain  
of fire,

To the City set in jasper, having twelve foundations fair,  
Flashing from their jewelled splendor every color soft  
and rare.

Twelve in number are its gateways — numbered by the  
Seer of old —

Every gate a pearl most lustrous ; and its streets are  
paved with gold.

In the midst, in dazzling whiteness, lightens the Eternal  
Throne ;

From it flows the Living Water — round it gleams an  
emerald zone.

Luscious fruits, and balmy odors, healing leaves, and  
cooling shade,

Either side the Life-tree sheddeth, by sweet storms of  
music swayed.

HYMNS.

O thou grand, untempled City, seen by John in visions  
bright,

Glory-flooded, needing neither sun by day nor moon by  
night;

Filled forever and forever by the shining light of Him  
Who redeemed the world, and sitteth throned between  
the Seraphim !

Through thy lovely gates the nations of the saved in tri-  
umph stream,

Chanting praise above all praises — love of love their  
holy theme !

They no more shall thirst, or hunger ; they no more with  
heat shall faint ;

Christ for tears will give them gladness — blissful rest for  
sore complaint.

Blessed they who do His bidding ! cries the Angel, day  
and night ;

They shall find abundant entrance — they shall walk with  
Him in white !



## D O U B T.



Y heart is heavy at her prayers :  
“ God *may* bow down,” she saith, “ and  
hear.”

Her doubt ascending unawares  
Methinks must grieve His patient ear !

His promise faileth not, I know ;  
And I have learned it line by line ;  
Then, if believing, why so slow  
Am I to make that promise mine ?

HYMNS.

Not thus the barren Earth receives  
The sweet assurance of the Spring,  
But putting on her robe of leaves  
In perfect trust begins to sing.

The April pledge of sun and shower  
She knows the Summer will fulfil,  
Nor fail to spread her golden dower  
In waving wealth from hill to hill.

And I—I know that He who sends  
The ripening heat, the strengthening rain,  
My lightest breath of prayer attends,  
Nor shall I find His promise vain.

Dear Lord, whose love doth over-brood  
My faith though cold and faint it be,  
Dispel this doubt that dares intrude  
Between my sorrowing heart and Thee !

Dispel this doubt, Thou Heavenly Sun !  
Thou Spirit sweeter than the Spring !

HYMNS.

Then shall my drooping faith put on  
The garment of Thy praise and sing :

To Him whose Word shall time outrun  
To Him whose Blood the promise seals,  
And to the Spirit, Three in One,  
My song shall rise in grateful peals !





## HUMBLE SERVICE.



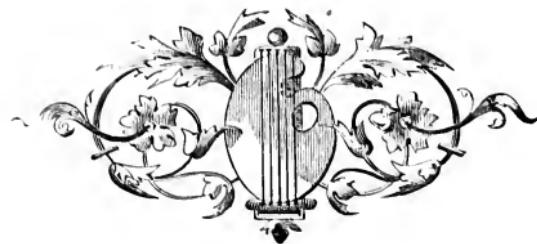
T is an easy thing to say,  
“Thou knowest that I love Thee, Lord!”  
And easy in the bitter fray  
For His defence to draw the sword.

But when at His dear hands we seek  
Some lofty trust for Him to keep,  
To our ambition vain and weak  
How strange His bidding: “Feed my sheep.”

“ Too mean a task for love,” we cry ;  
Remembering not if, in our pride,  
We pass His humbler service by,  
Our vows are by our deeds denied.

O Father ! help us to resign  
Our hearts, our strength, our wills to Thee ;  
Then even lowliest work of Thine  
Most noble, blest, and sweet will be !





## M Y F I E L D.

---



WILL not wrong thee, O To-day,  
With idle longing for To-morrow ;  
But patient plough my field, and sow  
The seed of faith in every furrow.

Enough for me the loving light  
That melts the cloud's repellent edges ;  
The still unfolding, bud by bud,  
Of God's most sweet and holy pledges.

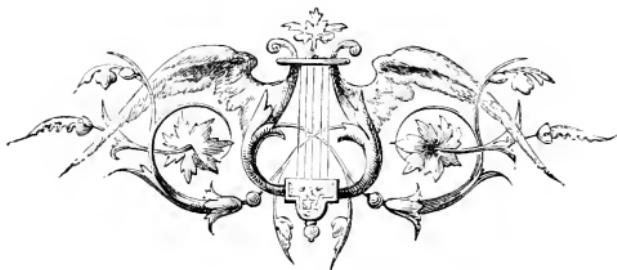
HYMNS.

I breathe His breath ; my life is His ;  
The hand He nerves knows no defrauding, —  
The Lord will make this joyless waste  
Wave with the wheat of His rewarding.

Of His rewarding ! Yes ; and yet  
Not mine a single blade or kernel ;  
The seed is His ; the quickening His ;  
The care, unchanging and eternal.

His, too, the harvest song shall be,  
When He who blest the barren furrow  
Shall thrust His shining sickle in,  
And reap my little field To-morrow.





## A HARVEST HYMN.



*Written for the Amesbury and Salisbury Agricultural Exhibition,  
Sept. 17, 1860.*



HAPPY day, returned once more,  
With golden plenty still replete !  
As though she never gave before,  
Earth pours her treasures at our feet !

And ne'er did ruddier fruit fulfil  
The rosy prophecies of May ;  
Ne'er did the rugged lands we till  
Yield sweeter corn, or flowers more gay.

HYMNS.

Not one among the many here  
Who prune the tree, or plough the soil,  
But has some share in Nature's cheer —  
Some liberal recompense for toil.

Yet none his choicest stores may boast  
Of flowers, or fruits, or garnered grain ;  
For labor of his hands were lost,  
Unblest by heaven's refreshing rain.

O, thanks to God ! whose love abides,  
And scatters bounties everywhere ;  
Who in the heart of Nature hides  
The germ of His unfailing care.

More rich than Autumn's robe of leaves  
Should be the garments of our praise ;  
And ampler than her ample sheaves  
The charities that crown our days.

More fragrant than the meadow's breath  
The incense of our souls should rise,

HYMNS.

From Life's rude altars wreathed by Faith  
With borrowed bloom from Paradise.

O, clearly, then, could we behold  
In flowers that fade, and fruits that fall,  
Sweet hints, which earthly gifts enfold,  
Of treasure stored in Heaven for all !





## THE BELL IN THE TOWER.

---



HEAR the bell in the high church-tower,  
Striking the hour;  
The hushed Night hearkens, like one who  
stands  
In sudden awe, with uplifted hands !

A Spirit up in the tower doth dwell,  
And when the bell  
Peals out the hours, with a measured chime,  
I hear him turning the sands of time !

HYMNS.

He says: “Life dieth with every breath !”

Whispers of Death :

“It is the fall of the flower of Earth ;

The promise-seed of immortal birth !”

He speaks to the striving world below :

“Why do ye so ?

Will all the treasure that hand can hold

Buy sweeter sleep in the church-yard mould ?

“Behold one God, over great and small,

Judgeth ye all !

Ask Him for grace in the morning light,

And pray for pardon and peace at night !”

O, while I listen my whole soul bows,

Paying her vows ;

And folly fleeth with sinful fear,

As those clear bell-strokes fall on my ear !

For not more solemn the holy chimes,

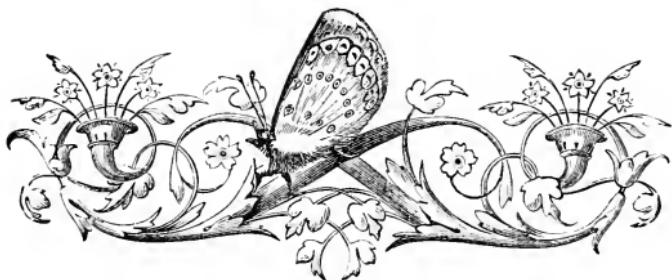
In other times,

HYMNS.

That helped the faithful to pray aright,  
And put the spirits of air to flight !

And ever—ever would I be near,  
Daily to hear—  
Daily and nightly, in work or rest,  
The Voice that pierces and soothes my breast !





## THE WORLDLING.

---

**F**HE bluest skies, the softest airs,  
The sweetest odors fill the day,  
And morning lays her loveliest snares  
To lure the worldling on his way.

Here from ten thousand flickering leaves  
Her breezy fingers shake the dew,  
The while a shadow-net she weaves,  
Large flakes of splendor sifting through.

The sweeping fields are starred with gold—  
Bright glimpse of Nature's garnered wealth ;  
And there the sweet brier's buds unfold  
To take his heedless heart by stealth.

There deftly stretched on grassy spears  
The spider's curious web outlies ;  
A marvel hung with heaven's own tears,  
It catches not his roving eyes.

Amid the elm-tree's feathery spray  
The tireless robin whistles clear,  
And from the woods that skirt the way  
With verdure constant all the year—

Hark ! — deep within their deepest hush,  
Divinely calm, and rapture-sweet,  
The singing of the Hermit-thrush  
Fills and o'erflows his blest retreat.

On glancing wings the butterfly  
Hints how the soul new-born to bliss,

HYMNS.

For the wide freedom of the sky  
Forsakes her narrow chrysalis.

He does not hear, he does not see—  
The worldling wrapt in worldly schemes ;  
What wonder then that such as he  
Count faith's most glorious visions, dreams !

If all that he *might* see and touch  
Be lost upon his grovelling soul—  
If Nature's little be too much,  
Can he receive the sacred Whole ?

Stay ! lest our judgment set a bound  
For Him who notes the sparrow's fall,  
Who in a loving, endless round  
Of benefactions cares for all.

He in the form of man restored  
The blind, the deaf, the dumb of old ;  
As then men cry, “ Have mercy, Lord ! ”  
Still clinging to His garments' fold.

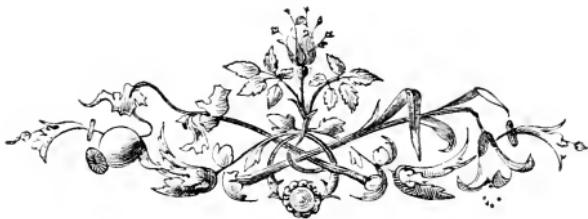
HYMNS.

Nor these alone He patient heeds,  
    But still the stubborn knee he bends ;  
Still gently answering all their needs  
    Wins foe and stranger for His friends.

Pass on, poor worldling ! unaware  
    That, self-rebuked for judging thee,  
I track thee with a silent prayer  
    To Him who gave my sight to me : —

Reveal Thyself, O Christ the Whole,  
    And Nature's Part shall glorious shine :  
Flash all *Thy* beauty on his soul —  
    Thy beauty is indeed divine !

Reveal Thyself, O Lovely One,  
    And he shall count Creation nought  
But the fair robe Thou puttest on —  
    A robe of light with wonders wrought !



## T H E R I V E R.



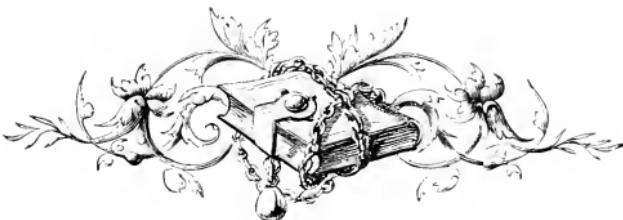
BOVE the winding River's brink  
The tall trees wave their branches green ;  
Their cool brown roots, washed bare and  
clean,  
Reach down through cooler depths to drink.

“Behold, how heavenly is my task !”  
Methinks the River murmurs low ;  
“As God bestoweth, I bestow ;  
To be like Him is all I ask.”

HYMNS.

O River ! thou and I are one  
In sweet desire to serve and be,  
Yet every day I grieve to see  
How all my deeds do self-ward run !





## A L L'S W E L L.



**H**E day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep  
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine :  
Father! forgive my trespasses, and keep  
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed ;  
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim-feet ;  
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head —  
So shall my sleep be sweet.

HYMNS.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,  
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake ;  
All's well ! whichever side the grave for me  
The morning light may break !







## II.

### POEMS OF CONSOLATION.







## THE GUEST.

---

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock : if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." — REV. iii. 20.



PEECHLESS Sorrow sat with me ;

I was sighing wearily !

Lamp and fire were out : the rain

Wildly beat the window-pane.

In the dark we heard a knock ;

And a hand was on the lock ;

One in waiting spake to me,

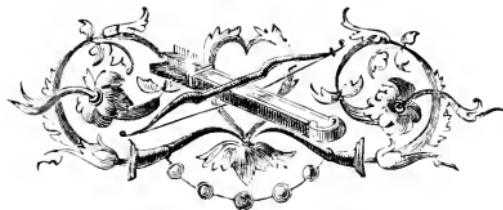
Saying sweetly,

*"I am come to sup with thee!"*

HYMNS.

All my room was dark and damp ;  
“ Sorrow ! ” said I, “ trim the lamp ;  
Light the fire, and cheer thy face ;  
Set the guest-chair in its place.”  
And again I heard the knock :—  
In the dark I found the lock :—  
“ Enter ! I have turned the key ! —  
Enter, Stranger !  
Who art come to sup with me.”

Opening wide the door, he came ;  
But I could not speak his name :  
In the guest-chair took his place ;  
But I could not see his face !  
When my cheerful fire was beaming,  
When my little lamp was gleaming,  
And the feast was spread for three,  
Lo ! my **MASTER**  
Was the Guest that supped with me !



## THE BELOVED TEACHER.

---



THOUGHT: what numbers press to pay  
Their homage to the good man's worth ;  
And close, with loving, reverent hands  
The grave's green entrance — *earth to earth!*

Not they alone who crowd the church —  
A larger gathering flocks this way ;  
A youthful train that stretches far  
Down many a joyous yesterday.

HYMNS.

Along the line of twoscore years  
In fair procession see them throng !  
And one — the least among them — breaks  
The silence with a sorrowing song : —

The home is darkened where he dwelt,  
And, unrestrained by roof or wall,  
Out-circling to a thousand more  
That solemn darkness touches all.

O genial, generous, faithful soul,  
Unfaltering even to the end,  
Thou hast “ dismissed ” us all, and dropt  
The hand of pupil and of friend !

Dropt them for that Most Blessed Hand  
Whose piercèd palm our lips have prest  
In love’s allegiance — saying low,  
With broken utterance : *God knows best.*

No more wilt thou thy books unclose,  
Awarding honest blame or praise :

HYMNS.

The Holy Teacher teaches us  
From the full volume of thy days.

Fair as the palm-tree's fairest height,  
And goodly as the cedar's shade,  
The memory of thy virtue fills  
The void thy vanished life hath made.

One word : Farewell ! a word of peace,  
Across the stream of death it lies ;  
A bridge, beyond whose slender arch  
No sorrow lives — no dear hope dies.





## C H A R L I E.



HARLIE ! did the great and Holy City  
Seem so far — so far beyond? —  
That thine eyes should turn to faces fond,  
Sad, with hopeless watch, and pale, —  
Faces bowed in human pity —  
*Unavailing*, human pity —  
With that most pathetic wail : —  
“*Many, many weary steps!*”

HYMNS.

When thy patient hand did cling  
    To the parent hand,  
While thy footsteps faltering,  
    Neared the Promised Land ;  
Did'st thou learn how frail a thing  
    Is the strongest hand of earth ?  
Love that clasped thee at thy birth,  
    Failed to bear thee unto death.  
Sad complaint ! and sweet petition !  
    Answered only by despair —  
By Affection's dumb despair —  
That o'er-leaned thy weak condition :  
    Weaker even than *thy* weakness ;  
Palsy-stricken when thy breath  
    Shaped these words of mournful meekness ! —  
    “*Many, many weary steps !*”

O Thou Most Compassionate !  
Shepherd, in Thy Kingly State —  
    While the “*Holy ! Holy ! Holy !*”  
Ebbs and flows around thy feet —

HYMNS.

Rolling through the seraph-throng  
Like a mighty sea of song,  
    Breaking, wave on wave, with roar  
Of majestic exultation,  
    Of ecstatic adoration,  
        On an ever-listening shore ! —  
Thou dost bend Thine ear  
    In each thrilling pause to hearken  
To the pulses of Creation ; —  
    To the wails that rend the skies ;  
    To the praying of the lowly ;  
    To the faintest infant-sighs !  
        When the twilight shadows darken  
In these barren wastes below,  
    Where Thy flocks are wandering slow,  
    Thou dost hear the young lambs bleat !  
Gentle Shepherd ! Thou dost see  
Prayerful eyes upraised to Thee :  
Holy Shepherd ! Thou dost heed  
Every cry of grief or need.  
Ah ! more meek than mourner's face ;

HYMNS.

Wilder than Love's wild despair ;  
More impassioned than its prayer ;  
And more pitiful by far,  
Than Earth's selfish moanings are,  
Was that soft beseeching glance —  
Was that plaintive utterance,  
Drifting to Thy Holy Place —  
*“Many, many weary steps !”*

Vain, indeed, that “ human plaint,”  
Poured into the human ear !  
Vain the arm of man or saint,  
Stretched to raise the drooping child !  
Yet, O Shepherd ! *Thou* did’st hear  
Thou did’st lift the little stranger —  
(Stranger to that awful “ wild ”)  
In Thine Infinite embrace !  
Lifted him from every danger ;  
Lifted him from every woe ;  
While the glory of Thy face,  
Touching it with amber glow,

HYMNS.

Made the deathful darkness seem  
Like the dawn of heavenly dream !  
Peace profound, and sweet as deep,  
With its spell of silence, stole  
O'er the little longing soul —  
In Thine arms he fell asleep !

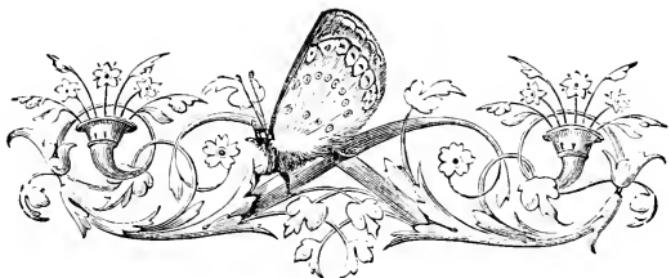
Nevermore those feet shall weary  
On the death-road, lone and dreary ;  
Nevermore that spirit-cry,  
Born of mortal agony,  
As he passed through life's eclipse —  
Shall escape those patient lips : —  
*“ Many, many weary steps ! ”*

O Thou most compassionate !  
Comfort them that follow on  
In the way the child hath gone !  
Give them strength, dear Christ ! to bear  
Every cross of sorrow ;  
Knowing that the brows of Care  
Thou wilt crown to-morrow !

HYMNS.

Knowing that Thy pitying ear,  
Ever Earth-ward bent, will hear,—  
    When the heart and flesh shall fail,  
In the journeying through the night,  
With Thy Heaven almost in sight—  
That sad, human, thrilling wail :—  
    “MANY, MANY WEARY STEPS !”





## ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

---



N rest untroubled lies her fair young head :  
Cold is her shroud ; colder the heart below !  
No more the feverish pulses come and go ;  
The watchers are the watchers of the dead.

Sad eyes that saw her fade, are full of tears ;  
Fond hands that smoothed her pillow, clasped in  
prayer ;  
And Love goes wailing in its dark despair,  
Till the sweet dawning of God's grace appears.

HYMNS.

O blest the soul whose voice of faith can say  
In the storm-lulls of grief—"Thy will be done!"  
O blest the soul that trusts the Holy One,  
Who in His bosom bears His lambs away!





“RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.”



TO T. T.

**R**ED CYPRESS! unto him who grieves,  
Reading sad legends in thy leaves,  
And finding in thy flower  
An emblem of the heart that bleeds,  
Say: The red blossom which I bear  
Doth symbolize  
The sacrifice  
Of that sublimest hour  
When Love fulfilled all human needs;  
Bound Death, the Victor, as a slave;  
Flung wide the sealed gates of the Grave,  
And set His angels, warders, there.

HYMNS.

WHITE ROSE ! to him who gathers thee  
The Flower of Consolation be,—  
Unfolding peace, and not despair.  
With sharpest thorns set round,  
Teach him how Life may wear  
Sharp griefs, and yet be crowned !

BLUE HAREBELL ! that dost tremble  
To the weird breath of Sorrow,  
Be to the mourning one Faith's symbol ;—  
Since thou dost borrow  
The same soft hue  
Her eyes have won with constant looking up :  
God filleth thine inverted cup  
With heaven's own blue ;  
So shall His sweet assurance fill  
The heart bowed meekly to His will.





## AFTER THE STORM.

---



ALL night, in the pauses of sleep, I heard  
The moan of the Snow-wind and the Sea,  
Like the wail of Thy sorrowing children, O  
God !  
Who cry unto Thee.

But in beauty and silence the morning broke,  
O'erflowing creation the glad light streamed ;  
And Earth stood shining and white as the souls  
Of the blessed redeemed.

HYMNS.

O glorious marvel in darkness wrought !  
With smiles of promise the blue sky bent,  
As if to whisper to all who mourn,  
Love's hidden intent.















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